# THROUGH A GLASS.

HE good ship Umbria was not yet half a day out from Queenstown, but already majestic Mrs. Claffin was laid out in her steamer-chair, miserably limp and sea-sick. She might as well have been a mummy for all the interest she took in the watery world around her, or all that her fellow-passengers took in her, completely hidden as she was in her wrappings of vails and afghans.

But the bright eyes of the young girl beside her were observing enough for them both, and her fair, interesting face attracted the attention of every one who passed along that side of the deck.

The invigorating salt wind ruffled up her soft, light hair, that curled coquettishly under the dark blue Tam O'Shanter, and brought a warm glow to her cheeks.

The deck was thronged with people taking their morning constitutional, and the constantly recurring figures afforded her much entertainment.

She lay back in her chair watching them, with no thought of seeing a familiar face among them, and was almost startled when she caught sight of one she recognized.

A tall young fellow in a gray tourist's suit, sauntered along with his hands behind him, looking abstractedly off to sea. He was going by without noticing any one. She leaned forward a little and called his name. "Rob—Rob Eustis!" It was spoken so softly that her companion failed to hear, but Eustis heard, and came hurrying up to shake hands, his face glowing with pleasure at the unexpected meeting.

"Well, now, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. "I didn't think there was a soul on board that I knew. Who is that you have hidden away so carefully?"

"Oh, that is Mrs. Claffin. She is sound asleep now. She is chaperoning me home, you know. The rest of the family were not ready to come. I have another year at school yet, before they will let me stay abroad longer than through vacation."

He looked around for a vacant chair, but seeing none, proposed a promenade around the deck.

"I hope James Claffin's mother will have a good sleep," she remarked, as he piloted her around to the other side of the ship.

"Why, what do you mean by that, Kitty?" he asked, calling her by the old name he had given her long ago.

"My chaperone, you know. She has done nothing but talk of her son James ever since we left London. He is a model for all boys and would be quite a catch for even a Crown Princess in her opinion. I am tired to death of having James and his virtues always on dress parade."

"She has been very good to me," Katherine went on, "but James is getting to be such a tiresome old story. Then, too, she watches me like a hawk, and seems to resent any little, friendly attentions and overtures that naturally grow out of a sea voyage."

"Eureka!" he cried, with a mischievous, boyish twinkle in his gray eyes. "I've had an inspiration! Let's worry the old lady a little the balance of this trip, and make her believe I'm an old sweetheart of yours. Come on around to her and present me."

"All right," assented Katherine, with the same readiness with which she had entered into their childish games when she was six and he was ten.

The sickening sound of the gong for lunch had just aroused Mrs. Claffin to the recollection that she was pitching around on the unstable deep, when Katherine came up with Rob Eustis.

She introduced him as an old friend, with a shy, upward glance at him that aroused dark suspicions in Mrs. Claffin's busy mind.

They stayed and chatted awhile, rearranged her rugs and cushions, ordered her lunch, and then sauntered off a little way to lean over the railing and talk long and earnestly.

"She's watching us," said Katherine, after awhile. "I can feel her eyes on me. There, she's getting her spy glass out."

SHE CALLED HIS NAME.

"Whew! this sun is hot!" answered Rob. "Let me raise your umbrella. Maybe she can tell what you are saying by the motion of your lips," he added, carefully adjusting the umbrella to shut off the view. "I wonder how madame likes that. She can imagine all sorts of sweet glances and tender words are going on under this thing, whereas it is the most platonic of friendships, with all sentiment left out."

Mrs. Claffin chafed with impatient curiosity, and had numerous questions to ask her charge when Rob finally brought her back and settled her in her chair.

One day near the end of the voyage he stopped Katherine on the stairs. "I'm going to write you a note," he said, hurriedly. "for the old lady to read with her spy-glass. I'll be up on deck in a few minutes. Watch how she takes it."

Presently he sauntered past them with a formal good morning, and seating himself at some distance from them, opened a little traveling companion of Russia leather, and began to write.

Mrs. Claffin grew uneasy. "Is that a vessel coming in sight?" she remarked, after awhile. "It certainly looks like one."

She carefully adjusted the glass, and her eager and slowly swept the horizon. Then she shifted her chair, partly turning her back on Katherine, who was absorbed in a book.

"How changeable the water is this morning," she observed. "Green and gray and blue—such constant variations."

She seemed lost in thought for awhile. Katherine watched the glass furtively. "It's aimed pretty straight," she said to herself.

Rob wrote slowly, with long pauses wherein he seemed deliberating what form of expression to use, or how best to give utterance to his thoughts; and slowly, word by word, Mrs. Claffin deciphered it as he wrote.

It was a straightforward, manly letter, telling of his love and his hope, and his inability to speak to her instead of writing on account of her argus-eyed companion, who evinced such dislike for him.

"I do not ask," he wrote, "for an immediate answer. I know you are too young now to think of marriage, but I want the sweet assurance that you care for me—not as you cared for the old friend and comrade—but as a lover now, and by and by as something still nearer and dearer. Think about it to-day and I will come to you at sunset. If you greet me with a smile, my Kathleen, then I shall know that I may hope, but if you turn away or I do not find you in your usual place on the deck, then I shall know that the love that has grown to be dearer than life is denied me."

Katherine had been down in the dining-room at lunch for some time when Rob finished the letter. Mrs. Claffin never ventured beyond its threshold, so she was taking her lunch on deck by herself when one of the stewards came up with a book. "For Miss Allport," he said. "I thought she was here."

"Let me have it. I will give it to her," she answered.

That evening at sunset Rob Eustis passed back and forth along the deck. Mrs. Claffin sat alone. "Kathie, dear," she had said a few minutes before, "Mrs. Espey is very anxious to hear you sing and I promised you would favor her this evening. I see her coming now to take you to the music-room."

"My plan is working out beautifully," thought Mrs. Claffiin. "Ah! I forgot to tell you, my dear, Mr. Eustis sent this to you yesterday while you were at lunch. It is the book you were discussing the other day."

Katherine turned the pages indifferently. The note was not there. Mrs. Claffiin had slipped out the sealed envelope Rob had placed there, intending to replace it just before landing, when an interview and explanation would be too late. She dropped it

"CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE TO-MORROW, KITTY?"

into the traveling bag under her berth when she went to her state-room, forgetting that her's and Katherine's were exactly alike.

Katherine found it, guessed how it came there and laughed heartily to herself when she read it, thinking of the consternation with which it must have been read when Mrs. Claffiin turned her glass upon it.

Then she re-read it. Something in it moved her strangely, and she read it again. It did not sound like a jest. A vague unhappiness she could not account for took possession of her and all the rest of the day she was absent-minded and quiet.

Now that Eustis was disposed of, Mrs. Claffiin felt that she could relax her vigilance, and retired to her state-room to superintend her packing.

Katherine strolled out to the bow and leaned over the railing to watch the fascinating rise and fall of the foam-tipped waves. It was almost dark. They would be in sight of the harbor lights before midnight.

Presently Rob came up beside her. "Can I be of any service to-morrow, Kitty?" he asked. "It is tedious business getting through the custom-house."

"Oh, no, thank you," she answered. "James will be there to do every thing." Then she laughed.

"Mrs. Claffiin thinks she has nipped a fine romance in the bud. She thinks you have proposed to me, that you believe I received your note and paid no attention to it, and that I am ignorant of the true state of affairs. But she saw 'through a glass darkly' when she turned her lens on us, and her little stratagem was useless."

Rob did not answer. She stood there a moment, feeling a strange restraint in his silence. Some unaccountable barrier seemed between them, and she could not go on joking as she had done before. Presently he offered her his arm, and they began to walk slowly back and forth.

Darkness drew down over the sea, but the light streamed out from the cabin doors and port holes.

"No," he said at length, "her little stratagem was not useless. It brought me face to face with myself. All that I wrote you that night in jest I have come out here to-night to repeat to you in earnest, and a thousand times more than that. I know now that I loved you then, or I could not have written as I did. I know that this may seem sudden to you, but it is not sudden. It has been the slow growth of years, though I have been so long in recognizing it."

The deep, earnest voice struck a responsive chord in the girl's heart, but she would not let him know it.

"Well, Rob," she said, gaily, "you always could carry out a joke better than any one I ever knew. I wish Mother Claffiin could hear you now."

"Oh, Katherine, do be serious," he protested, with a desperate earnestness. "Believe me, sweetheart, it is the happiness of a lifetime I am asking for. Don't you care for me in the least?"

He bent over her in the darkness. Her hand rested a moment in his, but the sweet willful lips so near his own spoke no word, and the night hid the answer he might have read in her eyes.

Mrs. Espey passed with her maid.

"Mrs. Claffiin is looking for you," she said in passing. "She is around on the other side."

"Wait," pleaded Rob. "You have not answered me. I will see you to-morrow at your home? No; tell me now, Kitty. I can't let you go without some little word of hope."

She gave him both her hands an instant in a quick, impetuous way, and then was gone.

Early next morning Mrs. Claffiin stood with glass in hand, eagerly scanning the hundreds of people at the docks for a sight of James' well-known face, and glancing at Katherine now and then to wonder how they would impress each other. She noticed her bow to some one just starting down the gang-plank, and turned in time to see Robert Eustis raise his hat in what seemed to her a very cool, indifferent manner.

"He couldn't have been so much in love with her as his letter seemed to indicate," she thought to herself, "or he never would have gotten over it so quickly. No telling, though, what it might have come to if I hadn't interfered. Thank goodness, here comes James!"

A. J. F. J.

## THE DENDROCOLAPTIDÆ.

**Homely South American Birds of Wonderful Intelligence.**

For years I looked for it, and when the wished opportunity came, and it was in my power to secure it, I refrained; and fate punished me by never permitting me to see it again. On several occasions while riding on the pampas I had caught glimpses of this minute bird flitting up mothlike, with uncertain tremulous flight, and again dipping into the weeds, tall grass, or thistles. Its plumage was yellowish in hue, like sere dead herbage, and its extremely slender body looked longer and slimmer than it was, owing to the great length of its tail, or of the two middle tail feathers. I knew that it was a Synallaxis—a genus of small birds of the South American family *Dendrocolaptidæ*, which contains about two hundred and thirty species already described. A numerous family of inconspicuous birds, dull-looking in their homely brown colors, and without a song among them. The loss of this small bird might then be thought a trival matter, especially when it is known that every year adds to the long list of species. But it is not so, for these are wise little birds, more interesting—I had almost said more beautiful—in their wisdom, or wisdom-simulating instincts, than the quatzel in its resplendent green or the cock-of-the-rock in its vivid scarlet plumage. In nest-making they show the utmost ingenuity, and do not, like the members of some other families and orders—pigeon and humming birds, for instance—follow one plan or style, but their architecture exhibits endless variety. They excavate deep tunnels in the solid earth, feeble folk as they are, and others rear solid clay structures that no egg-stealer can enter and no tempest overthrow. The stick nests they build are in most cases domed, with the entrance designed to keep out all enemies. Some are gigantic structures, larger than an eagle would require to breed in, with a long winding passage and secret chamber for the eggs and young, and in size they vary from these huge fabrics to dainty little cradles no bigger than a wren's nest, suspended basket-wise from slender reeds and twigs. As to the forms of the nests, they are spherical, oblong, oval, flask-shaped, fruit and stem shaped, and teapot-shaped, with the spout for entrance. Wrens and mocking birds have melody for their chief attraction, and the name of each kind is, to our minds, also the name of a certain kind of sweet music; we think of swifts and swallows in connection with the mysterious migratory instinct; and humming birds have a glittering mantle, and the miraculous motions necessary to display its ever-changing iridescent beauty. In like manner, the homely *Dendrocolaptidæ* possess the genius for building, and an account of one of these small birds without its nest would be like a biography of Sir Christopher Wren that made no mention of his works.—Longman's Magazine.

### A Queer Indian Tradition.

The Buffalo Express tells of an Indian's grave along the shore of the Oneida Lake where at times a weird and supernatural light makes its appearance. It is described as a ball of fire about the size of a large orange, and sways to and fro in the air about thirty feet from the ground, confining its irregular movements within a space about one hundred feet square. People have attempted to go near enough to solve the mystery, but it would suddenly disappear before reaching it. A very peculiar story is told by the neighbors near the spot. They claim that many years ago the locality was part of an Indian reservation. A man by the name of Belknap frequently dreamed that there was a crock in the Indian cemetery containing immense treasures, and that if he went there at the hour when graveyards yawn he could secure it. These dreams were repeated so often that they had a strong effect, and he went there with a pick and shovel according to instructions, but he failed to turn round three times when he found the crock, as the dream directed. He went to pick it up, but was stunned by a flash of lightning, and the crock disappeared. Since that time the spot has been haunted by this mysterious light.

### Will Writing Become a Lost Art?

Will the coming man write? Not at all. There will be no more need of his learning to write than of his learning to spin. Writing will have become one of the lost arts, and a wholly unnecessary art, by the time the coming man appears. His writing will be done by the phonograph, which will be placed on his desk as pens and ink are now; and whenever he has a story, a poem, an essay or a private letter to indite he will simply talk into the phonograph and send on the plate which has recorded his words. The teaching of penmanship will be unknown in the school of the future, and writing in the present fashion will be regarded as much among barbaric methods as we now hold the rude hieroglyphics of the ancients to be.—Boston Traveller.

—Few ladies consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their head; the fair-haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning. A German experimentalist has proved that a single hair will suspend four ounces without breaking, stretching under the process and contracting again. But the hair thus weighed must be dark brown, for blonde hair breaks down under two and a half ounces.

## REST AND RECREATION.

**They Are Absolutely Necessary to Women in All Callings.**

Social debts nowadays must be paid as promptly as the interest on a note. Society has become exacting, and shows its indifferent creditors no mercy. It is a lamentable fact, also, that although the situation is improving, very few render for the world the very best that they are capable of doing. It no longer says that the mind which created Aurora Leigh would have been better occupied in interpreting the mysteries of housekeeping. It does not inquire if Harriet Hosmer can darn and knit. It at last comprehends that the hands which can successfully wield the pen or the chisel do better to relegate the homelier tasks to those who can do nothing else. This is not meant as an undervaluation of housekeeping, which requires skill and wisdom; but one star differs from another in glory, and all are not expected to shine in the same orbit or with the same magnitude. But, at last, it is permitted women to choose their work, in a measure, and do that to which they are best adapted. Still they have not availed themselves of the change as they might have done, and must do if they expect entire success. Few persons, men or women, can apply themselves to more than one profession at a time.

Yet the woman physician comes from the bedside of her patient and sits down at the sewing machine, or looks after the cook or the chambermaid to see that they have not left undone the things that they ought to have done. There are many married school teachers who keep house and manage schools, and, since they are not omnipotent, fail to do their best in either. In these days of endless averages, protracted examinations, and complicated reports, the school responsibilities ought to be sufficient. Yet they wash, iron, cook, sew and house clean, and the result is diseased nerves and shattered health. They are old and worn out when they should be in the vigorous prime of life.

As a rule overworked women have no one to blame but themselves. They begin their married life by doing things no resonable husband would expect or require, but to which he finally becomes accustomed and accepts as a matter of course.

The sewing machine has been a devourer of strength and leisure, and in the tucks and ruffles it has made possible has been probably more of a bane than a blessing.

The mother who spends all her time in making elaborate clothes for her children should remember that necessary comfort and cleanliness and taste may be had with half the expense and labor which she sees fit to bestow on them. The personal care and companionship are worth more to them than all the lace and embroidery and ruffles that ever were devised. Money will buy clothing; nothing will buy that care and sympathy which she, of all the world, can give them. Human strength has its limits, and if it is wholly expended upon the unnecessary, the important and vital must suffer. More than all others do the mothers of families need rest and recreation—rest that they may be fresh and full of cheerfulness and courage, in the face of the ceaseless demands made upon them; and recreation, which relieves existence of monotony, and enables them to return to the old routine with clearer vision, and with stimulated interest, in what, otherwise, must become a dull, joyless ground.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## THE FOOD OF MAN.

**How Cooking Alters the Chemical Composition of Foods.**

The lower mammals can live and flourish with comparatively little change of diet; not so man. He demands food not only dissimilar in its actual grosser nature, but differently prepared. In a word, for the different nervous impulses, on which the digestive processes depend, to be properly supplied, it has become necessary that a variety off different impulses (through the eye, ear, nose, palate) reach the nervous center, attuning them to harmony, so that they shall act, yet not interfere with one another.

Cooking greatly alters the chemical composition, the mechanical condition, and, in consequence, the flavor, the digestibility and nutritive value of foods. To illustrate: meat in its raw condition would present mechanical difficulties, the digestive fluids permeating it less completely; an obstacle, however, of far greater magnitude in the case of most vegetable foods. By cooking, certain chemical compounds are replaced by others, while some may be wholly removed. As a rule, boiling is not a good form of preparing meat, because it withdraws not only salts of importance, but proteids and the extractives—nitrogenous and other. Beef-tea is valuable chiefly because of these extractives, though it also contains a little gelatin, albumin and fats. Salt meat furnishes less nutriment, a large part having been removed by the brine; notwithstanding, all persons at times, and some frequently, find such food highly beneficial, the effect being doubtless not confined to the alimentary tract.

Meat, according to the heat employed, may be so cooked as to retain the greater part of its juices within it, or the reverse. With a high temperature (sixty-five degrees to seventy-five degrees C.) the outside in roasting may be so quickly hardened as to retain the juices.—Wesley Mills, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

—An insane colored girl with a razor walked into a camp meeting at Goochland, Va., looking for the devil. The congregation arose at her appearance and took to the woods.

## MANAGEMENT OF CREAM.

**The Most Particular of All the Special Points in Butter-Making.**

The management of the cream is the most particular of all the special points in butter-making, both as regards the quantity and the quality of the butter. Sweet cream makes less butter, and that of a less pleasant flavor than soured cream. But if the souring is carried too far the flavor of the butter is deteriorated, as the acidity hastens the production of those volatile acids which when in excess produce that condition which is known as rancidity. It is to the very moderate quantity of these acids in the butter that the pleasant nutty flavor and peculiarly agreeable odor of good butter are due. The proper condition of the cream is called ripeness. The ripening of cream consists in the production of a certain quantity of lactic acid in the milk, of which the largest part—from sixty to seventy-five per cent.—of the cream consists. The quantity of acid in the cream should be no more than is sufficient to give it a mild, pleasant-sour taste, and this may be produced precisely by the following methods with shallow or deep cold setting respectively. With the former the milk is set in shallow pans, at a temperature of sixty to sixty-two degrees, in pure air, for thirty-six hours, when it is skimmed, the milk being still sweet or very slightly soured. The cream, skimmed at intervals of twelve hours, is kept in a covered jar at the same temperature, and fresh cream is added to the first skimmings, the whole is gently stirred, to mix all together. At the expiration of thirty-six hours from the first skimming the cream will be in the best condition for churning, and "ripeness," as it is now termed, and for making excellent butter. With the cold water and deep-pail setting the cream is skimmed twenty-four hours after the milk has been set, and is kept in a pail set in the tank at the usual temperature of forty-five degrees until there is enough for the churning, or the cream of such skimming may be churned each day. But the cream must then be ripened before it is churned. This may be done by exposing the cream to a temperature of sixty to sixty-five degrees for twenty-four hours to produce the requisite acidity or ripeness; but this delay may be avoided and the ripening hastened by adding a sufficient quantity of sour milk or buttermilk of the previous day's churning to produce sourness. Generally one quart of the sour milk to twenty quarts of the sweet cream will be enough for this purpose; the cream being gently stirred so as to mix the sour milk evenly through it. The precision with which this ripening is effected is the main point in making the best quality of butter, and to be sure about it the thermometer should be used to regulate the temperature, and the time should be noted; for temperature and time act together, and one element being in excess the other needs to be reduced to reach the desirable effect. If all the operations of the dairy are performed with precision, the cleanliness of every thing used, and the purity of the air being perfectly secured, then the temperature and time may be fixed by rule; if the temperature is increased the time is decreased, and vice versa; and thus every time the same results may be reached.—Henry Stewart, in American Agriculturist.

### Does the Farm Pay?

Every farmer should ask himself this question at the close of harvest and answer it honestly. The farm does not pay if it merely affords a living and prevents the accumulation of debt. It may do more than this—it may even decrease debt and add to the value of stock and improvements—and yet not pay. It being assumed that the labor and superintendence of the owner is equal in value to the support of the family, then the net accumulations of the year must be equal to the legal interest upon the whole capital invested, or the farm does not pay. This is a simple method of farm bookkeeping, and will always answer the question; yet too many farmers would shrink from applying the test. If the farm does not pay to at least this extent, the situation should be rigidly canvassed, with a view to finding better methods. Labor, brain and capital working together furnish the best possible combination for success, and when they are centered in one individual should be able to command it.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

### Queer Things That Are Patented.

There is a claim in the Patent Office for a patent on the Lord's Prayer, the specification is that the repetition of the same "rapidly and in a loud tone of voice" will cure stammering. Among odd inventions are "chicken hopples," which walk the chickens right out of the garden when she tries to scratch; "the bee moth excluder," which automatically shuts up the bee hives when the bees go to roost; "the tapeworm fish hook," which speaks for itself; the educational balloon," a toy balloon with a map of the world on its surface; "side hill annihilators," stilts to fit on the down hill legs of a horse when he is plowing along a hillside, and the "hen surpriser," a device that drops the newly laid egg through the bottom of the nest, with intent to beguile and wheedle the hen into at once laying another.—Courier-Journal.

—"It may seem singular to you," says a New York florist, "but I've been keeping a record for these twenty years past, and I have found that nine murderers out of ten are ardent admirers of flowers, and most of them prefer daisies or lilies."

## USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—A Swiss professor advises every one who wishes to live to a good old age to drink the juice of lemons.

—The right side should be the position chosen for sleep, as it aids both digestion and the circulation of the blood.

—If ribbons need renewing wash them in cool suds, made of soap, and iron when damp. Cover with a clean cloth and iron over it.

—To take marking ink out of linen, saturate the spot with cyanuret of potassium applied with a camel's hair brush. After the ink disappears wash the spot thoroughly in cold water.

—It is said by several distinguished physicians that a pint of warm water, taken on an empty stomach in the morning, is the surest of all remedies for habitual constipation. If the tongue is coated, squeeze a lemon into the water and drink without sweetening.

—A sure cure for a felon is a hot poultice of the roots of the white hellebore bruised and thickened with meal. It will ease the pain and cause the felon to break, when it may be healed by any good salve. The plant grows by river banks, and in moist places and has large ribbed, light-green leaves that start very early in the spring.—Housekeeper.

—Diphtheria and croup may be cured by the vapor from liquid tar and turpentine. A teaspoonful each of tar and turpentine is to be put into a pan and set on fire. A dense smoke arises which tends to destroy the fibrinous tissues which choke up the throat, and the patient immediately falls into a deep slumber, and in the course of three days will entirely recover from diphtheria.

—"In purchasing a turkey," says Table Talk, "choose a fat hen not weighing over thirteen pounds." The turkey should roast at least three hours in an oven, hot for the first hour and moderate for the remaining two. The turkey should be basted with its own fat every fifteen minutes while roasting; a teaspoonful of salt should be added at the end of the first hour and the turkey should be well dusted with pepper.

—Remedy for Hay Fever.—Vapor of camphor and steam is recommended. The vapor is made to come in contact with the outer surface of the face, surrounding the nose by means of a paper cone placed with the narrow end downward in a vessel containing hot water and a drachm of coarsely powdered or shredded camphor. If this is continued ten or twenty minutes at a time, and repeated four or five times in as many hours, a cure is usually effected.

## SHEEP VERSUS COWS.

**A Comparison of the Labor Required in Dairying and Sheep-Raising.**

The hardest work on the farm is that of dairying, for such work never ends, there being no holidays or Sundays to afford rest, as the cows must be milked regularly. To conduct a dairy means to rise very early in the morning, feed the cows, milk, cool the milk, haul it to the railroad (in all kinds of weather), and if converted into butter there is the setting of the milk for cream, churning, working the butter and cleaning the cans and other utensils. Then the stables are to be cleaned, bedding arranged, the cows sent to pasture, all in the forenoon. Late in the afternoon is more milking, cooling, feeding and fastening the cows for the night, a late hour appearing before the work is finished.

The amount of labor necessary in conducting the dairy business demands an outlay of capital which is very large, for it means shelter for the milkers and other accommodations, buildings and fences, horses and wagons for hauling and other adjuncts drain the purse, and yet the farmer may not make any profit at all if the season is unfavorable, the grass scanty and the hay crop short. Yet dairying pays despite all these drawbacks, as a large portion of the profit is in the manure, which enriches the land and adds to the value of the farm.

As the sheep is an active forager, and can subsist on nearly all kinds of food, the outlay of capital required to make sheep pay is comparatively small compared with that required for dairying; but with more labor devoted to sheep they can be kept to better advantage and made a special branch of industry. It is claimed that sheep can not be profitably kept in large flocks unless they had an extended area of ground, but this is shown by the methods practiced in England to be a delusion. True, sheep in England are not kept in large flocks, but large numbers of sheep divided into suitable flocks are hurdled upon limited spaces, the hurdles removed as occasion demands, and on farms that are rented at sums much higher than some farms can be purchased in this country the sheep pay well. The mutton breeds alone are kept, as wool is given no attention in England, being classed a by-product, the same as hides. Americans object to the hurdling system as being too laborious and requiring extra help. A comparison of the labor required in the management of dairy stock with that which is necessary for sheep under the hurdling system will show a great advantage in favor of sheep, while the profits will be much larger in proportion to capital invested and expenses incurred. With the use of improved breeds and the hurdling system sheep in England attain the live weight of three hundred pounds in twelve months. With the demand for choice mutton which always exists in our markets there is nothing to prevent the American farmer from rivaling his brother in England.—Philadelphia Record.